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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

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More variety is needed. A rejection slip should contain some of the specific reasons therefor. For instances:

"We return your manuscript for the good and sufficient reason that in our editorial opinion it is about 85% junk. If you cannot do any better than this, we would advise you to drown any literary ambition you may have, and seek a diplomatic appointment. This is a busy office. Please do not bother us again."

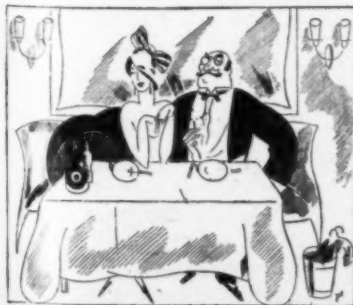
"We regard your manuscript very highly, but we are compelled to decline it, because we fear that it is beyond the intelligence of our readers. We must have some regard for our circulation. Thank you. Try again."

"We are unable to determine whether the humor in your offering lies in your treatment of the topic, or in your very original system of spelling. Inasmuch as we do not conduct a puzzle page, your manuscript is returned."

"You have religiously and rankly imitated the style of Blankety Blank, the dramatic critic. Because we consider that word-butcher a literary flivver, we cannot consider your cheap imitation. Try to be original."

"This is a magazine of humor. We therefore assume that your contribution was misdirected. Send it to an undertakers' trade journal."

W. T. O'C.



"And haven't you ever fought a duel?"
 "Not yet, but just the same I have had quite a few slaps in the face."
 —Sans-Gêne (Paris).



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Rhymed Reviews Captain Blood

By Rafael Sabatini.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

THOUGH Doctor Blood, his author claims,
Was mild as Spring's ethereal sea-
son,
They said he'd fought against King James,
And Jeffreys had him up for treason.

Across the blue Atlantic wave
With shackled rebel desperadoes
They sent the guiltless man, a slave,
To till the soil of hot Barbados.

On Bridgetown mole he stood for sale;
A lady waved her sun-umbrella
And whispered, "Uncle, buy that male!"
'Twas thus he met his Arabella.

With fellow slaves he gave the slip
To those who gave them stripes and bruises;
They took a hostile Spanish ship
And sailed on wild piratic cruises.

At Caribbean coast resorts,
Directing guns and pulling lanyards,
They captured vessels, plundered ports
And greatly peeved the haughty Spaniards.

Yet Captain Blood, through all mis-
chance
To England ever true and loyal,
Assailed bombarding ships of France
And, bravely battling, saved Port Royal.

Where still the island-born amid
Palmettos puffs his panetela,
They made him Governor, they did,
And thus he won his Arabella.

And if you've had about enough
Of pose and poignant self-reveal-
ing,
A swig of red-hot pirate stuff
May help to cure that tired feel-
ing.

A. G.

Inspirational

PROUDLY the efficiency expert
gazed upon his completed work.
Over every desk in that great finan-
cial office hung the motto:
"Do Him Now."

A MAN who is stuck on himself
cannot be pried loose until he gets
into hot water.

Life



"Why, that's Lord and Lady Fullagob. They came over only last week."
"Well, he only wanted to stay three or four days in order to get material for his book,
'A Study of the American Continent'."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 15th Disgruntled at the beginning of this day because our cozen Amy, coming into my room before I was done with my tray, did reveal in her tone and visage her opinion of eating in bed. Whereupon I told her that although woman's place might be in the home, it is not, as far as I am concerned, at the breakfast table. . . . To the post-office with Amy, and none too willingly, neither, to get something that had to be sent after her from Paris, but the zany had nothing upon her for identification save a monogrammed handkerchief of so involved a design that the clerk could make naught of the initials and refused her the parcel. . . . Having always deemed headgear which flares up from my face extremely becoming, I did buy and wear home a specimen of it which I saw in a window. But Sam, when he greeted me, was at some pains to decide whether I reminded him of Liberty or a member of the Continental Army. Greatly wroth, I gave the hat to my servant Virgie, and so, immediately after dinner, to bed with a book, leaving Sam to play Russian Bank with Amy, who has rules of her own and recognizes no others. The Ides of March, thank God, are gone!

March 16th A letter come from Bill Wilcox, telling of his rough voyage to South America, and how he had done his daily half-dozen all the way—three meals down and three meals up, which Sam deemed a rare jest. Lord! I have never grasped why people do always laugh at the mere mention of seasickness, when it is the most dreadful malady from which man can suffer and one which reconciles him easily to instantaneous death. . . . Nina Lockwood to luncheon with me, telling me how she had bought a fine lingerie party dress for her

daughter which the child had spurned with the statement that she would rather sit home all the days of her life than be seen abroad in such raiment. Whereupon Nina took her to a shop to

learn what she would choose for herself, and it was an orchid satin trimmed with silver lace, quite unsuitable for a young girl, but Nina let her have it, recalling how she and I had once saved our allowances to buy some black boots with great white buttons which our parents refused us, and how we had salvaged our mothers' discarded taffeta petticoats and worn them in secret.

March 17th Awake betimes, and off to a barrister's to make my will, so flustered that when he read "being of sound mind," I did have my doubts. And after a space, the recurrence of the word "beloved" did cause me to speak out, there being no cause to apply it to my cozen Jane, with whom I get on ill, and to whom I am bequeathing our grandmother's jewelry only under the strictest family compul-

sion. Perhaps it were better, though, had I let it stand, for I am sure it would cause Sam to laugh outright at the reading, however great his grief. . . . To luncheon at an inn with Amy, and she did order lamb steak with Chinese artichokes, merely because the vegetable was new to her; but they served her Brussels sprouts instead, which she loathes, and as she cares little for lamb, the poor wretch made out badly. . . . To a prize fight in the evening, the most mixed assemblage that ever I was in in my life. And my attention was so taut, and my fear of their hitting each other in the jaw so great, that when I left the place every tooth in my head ached.

B. L.

Brittle

EVERYTHING is brittle now
From a bit of orchestration
To a soon-forgotten vow;
Limitless the application.

Poems and philosophies,
Editorials and fiction,
Almost any kind of wheeze,
Dogmas, arias and diction.

Nothing's hectic any more,
Nor intriguing—not a tittle!
What was so described before
Now is brittle, brittle, brittle!

E. W. B.



"How badly you're looking in your new hat, darling! Aren't you feeling well?"



Grocer: Is there something else?
Young Bride: What would you suggest?

Notes and Queries of a Modern Metropolit

IN no other country in the world is the newness of men's clothes as apparent as in the United States. Is this an effect of prosperity, of luxury, of nation-wide wealth? Or is it not due to the fact that the garments are of inferior stuffs, of poorer workmanship and, hence, wear out more rapidly, thus necessitating the purchase of new ones?

Who has ever overheard a brilliant remark in a fashionable restaurant?

Back-yards and backgrounds—What, indeed, is the value of the New York back-yard? An eye-sore to the neighborhood, its sole employment of former days has almost vanished with the establishment of the laundry around the corner. It now remains merely an unattractive atavism. Why not abolish it alto-

gether? Turn all the back-yards on a block into one large community garden. What possibilities arise at the thought of it! What enchanting effects at once evolve! Designed in simple taste and judiciously sprinkled with flowers and shrubbery, a background of beauty would arise from what is to-day a sordid waste.

When all the proposed structures of New York will be ultimately erected, it will be time to begin demolishing most of the others.

When opera parties cease to exist we may have musical appreciation in the *beau monde*.

The theory that the Americano is a fellow more immune to folly, frivolity and frittering than is the European is one wholly without basis.

Witness his attendance at ball games, theatres, cafés, motion-picture palaces, restaurants, dance-halls, etc., etc.! It is not that he is more enamored of his business interests than is the foreigner. It is merely that he gasses more about them.

Why is there no restaurant in the entire city where a woman may dine alone without feeling that the other patrons believe that she is having an empty evening?

Surely New York has undergone a marked metamorphosis within the last decade. Where to-day is one able to discover a lunch wagon, a hansom cab rank, a hanky-panky stand, a minstrel show, a pair of peg-top trousers, a horse car, a vendor of sweet lavender. . . a girl minus make-up?
C. G. S.

My Husband Says



HAT Thursday nights seem awfully near together. Thursday is the night our maid goes out and I get the supper.

We call it supper, when we have it at home, and dinner when we have company, or go to town.

I cooked chops last night, and all the time I kept thinking of the poor little sheep that had suffered so much for us. But the chops came out a lovely shade of brown in places, and a rich henna in others.

I had no paper ruffles, so I tied a blue ribbon on the little bone and used carrot tops for garnishing.

It was a daring color scheme but looked perfectly stunning. The chops cooled off some while I was decorating them.

My husband said that, in the Stone Age, the cave men used to hit their wives with rocks, and he thought that was much more humane than dragging them around by the hair; and he said he hoped he would never do either.

He said he would take me out to an inn next Thursday night. I want to go to the one where they have a big gray stone fireplace, and rose hangings at the windows.

L. B. S.

A Man Who Understood Women

HE meets her twice or thrice a year,
Sometimes less and sometimes more,
Each time they meet the stage is set
Exactly as the time before.
He is most glossy and most gay,
Witty, omniscient and bland;
She is inscrutable and mild,
She lets him play his hand.
And if his pyrotechnics pale
A little on her moonlit sky,
He scarcely knows that it is so
And only vaguely wonders why.
And if he finds her eyes too wide,
A shade too deep, a shade too cool,
She lets him wonder which she is,
A saint, a sinner or a fool.

S. T.

HE: Are they very rich?

SHE: I'll say they are. They still drive a 1915 car.

PHILANTHROPIST—A man who wears his wrist watch upside down for the benefit of others.



"Pop, if a man vos a millionaire here in der United States an' he vent to Germany to live,
vot vould he be?"
"He vould be a dam fool, Heinie."

So French

SCENE: The lobby of the Ritz Hotel, Paris. Time: 5:30 P. M.
Characters: Two gentlemen and two ladies.

FIRST LADY

Don't you adore Paris?

SECOND LADY

I think it's heavenly. Everything's so French about it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Isn't it. Let's have a cocktail.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Just the thing. Waiter! Four Bronxes.

FIRST LADY

I spent a divine afternoon.

SECOND LADY

Oh, tell us what you did.

FIRST LADY

Well, first of all, I lunched with the Throckburys.

SECOND LADY

I think Betty Throckbury is sweet.

FIRST LADY

Then I dropped in at the Billingsbys'. You know Harry Billingsby.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Know him well. Stopped with Harry last winter at Palm Beach.

FIRST LADY

And after that I had tea at Helen Updike's. She's just taken a house.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Next door to the Willie Joneses?

SECOND LADY

That's right. The Mayson-Smiths live just across the way.

FIRST LADY

They're all typically French houses. Of course, they've been altered a good bit.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Of course. Have you seen the Roderick Hendersons?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

No, but Tessie Sparkleigh told me that they'd gone to Cannes.

FIRST LADY

Tessie's dining with the Robinsons to-night. They've got a coon jazz band.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I love jazz.

SECOND LADY

So do I. It's really become quite French.



*Voice from Above: Is that you, George?
"I'm afraid so."*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Oh, the French are a wonderful people. Awfully good Bronx, this.

FIRST LADY

They do everything so well.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

What have you seen at the theatre?

SECOND LADY

Last night we saw the Williamses, the Tinkers, and old Mrs. Corlies.

FIRST LADY

Oh, there's no place like Paris.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

There really isn't, is there?

SECOND LADY

No. Everything's so French about it. C. G. S.

Blockade

IF I might offer, lady, to your lips
The cup of love, I'd fill it with
a wine
Would warm you to your very
fingertips,
A vintage potent as it is divine.

Mine is a draught sure to intoxicate—
But how, dear lady, can I play my
part
When through long days I am compelled to wait
Outside the Three Mile Limit of
your heart?

S. K.



The Worst Is Over

Sounder Reassures Us, in Reviewing the 67th Congress.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that the late 67th Congress, in which—I offer it in all modesty—my own voice has not gone unheard, has made something in the way of a record.

Some Ill-Natured Critics

of course, are already seeking to dispute this, and are actually digging up historical muniments and musty tomes of the *Congressional Record* to prove that, bill for bill, page for page, the 26th Congress was worse than ours.

The claims are to my mind wholly unjustifiable, and I feel that the great American public, with its traditional love of justice and fair play, will turn a deaf ear to these detractors.

To see the truth of my contentions you need only let your mind wander over a few of the things we did and didn't do. What an enviable record, and achieved without a single League of Nations or peace treaty to kill!

Our Only Mistake

was in the slighting of the Bonus Bill. We devoted to this great measure only four months of our time, or about 731 legislative hours. Although a legislative hour (as anyone who has ever sat in the Senate gallery will attest) is equal to three ordinary hours, this was scarcely adequate consideration of a measure so important to our political fortunes.

In view of the fact that we were quite safe in counting on the President's veto, we ought to have kept that issue actively before the nation for at least a year.

However, mistakes will happen in the best-regulated Senates, and I feel

that we more than made up for the delinquency in other ways. Take our debate, for instance.

In Only 16

out of an average of 500 oratorical hours (an oratorical hour, by the way, is just twice as long as a legislative hour) has the 67th Congress descended to serious discussion of any subject. We have "popularized" statesmanship. You could drop into the Senate gallery almost any afternoon and hear as entertaining an altercation as you could hear in the bleachers at a ball game.

It has been noble work, I feel, thus to bring statecraft home to the people. Are there any in this land, for instance, who did not read all the Congressional news at the time that the *Record* had to be suppressed?

Are There Any

who failed to take more interest in the British debt debate, because the Senate, instead of considering rates of interest, devoted itself exclusively to the question of whether or not Mr. Heflin did mean to say that everybody in the Senate except himself and the page boys was a tool of Wall Street's bond sharks?

But in considering the record of the 67th Congress, we should re-

member that the books are not closed. The old idea that a Senator's or Representative's duties end with the rising of Congress is a fallacy; that is really when his hard work begins.

I Do Not Refer

exclusively to those who, driven by a mistaken and ungrateful constituency into the cold and heartless world, have to stand in line at the White House Employment Office; or scan anxiously each morning the Want Ad columns for Cabinet or other work open to bright young men, with best references, willing to begin at the top.

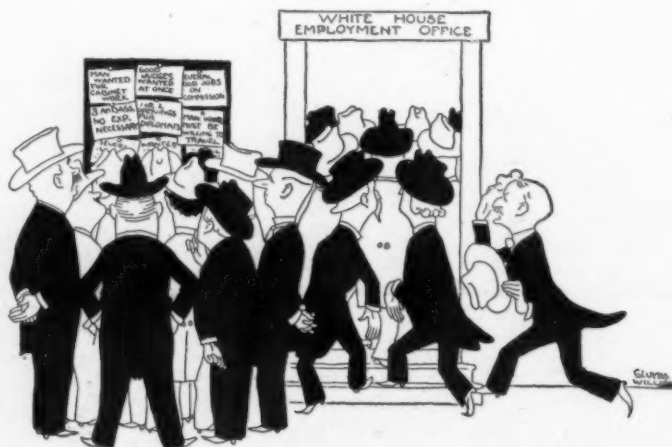
Even for those of us who don't have to earn our living, March 4th marks the beginning of the year's work. First of all, we have to get back home and square ourselves with our constituents. That will take about three months of pretty intensive speech-making.

Having finally induced the home-folks to think a little better of Congress, we shall be free to turn our attention to our personal presidential campaigns.

After Those Have Burst

we shall just about have time to run over to Europe to tell them what to do over there, and get back for the opening of Congress to snatch a little much-needed rest and catch up with our correspondence.

Obviously, this summer work should be considered in estimating the achievements of any Congress. Though no one can predict with absolute certainty, I know my colleagues well enough to feel sure that nothing will occur to weaken the claims of the 67th for the Congressional Championship. Sounder.



Out on the World



"Twenty-five dollars ain't much to pay for that pup. That pup's got a pedigree."
Little Girl: Would you take thirty cents for it, without one?

Fables for Farmers

WILLIE was a Boy Scout, and had been taught that he must do at least one kind act every day. Each evening when he returned home his mother asked: "And what kindness did my boy do to-day?" And Willie told her how he had carried an old woman's basket, or had held a subway-car door open so that a plumber could board the express at Times Square, or had helped a poor bootlegger pick up the Gordon Gin labels when his package "busted." One evening he replied to the usual question: "Gave a poor little boy who looked hungry a piece of a big red apple." "And where did you get the apple, Willie?" asked his mother, knowing that her son was following the example of Successful Americans about whom he had read in the Get-There Magazine. "Took it off the boy," said Willie, smiling sweetly. "He was such a small boy, and I didn't think he could eat all that big apple."

When Willie grew up, he became a financier in a place called Wall Street, and worked at preventing stocks becoming too dry by pumping quantities of pure water into them. He never forgot the lesson learned from the Boy Scouts, and no day passed that he did not give some investor a chance to exchange his money for water-marked securities. And how proud his old mother was, one evening, when he told her of his daily kind

deed. "You know about those poor farmers who put all their savings into my Salt Water Gas Company? Well, I persuaded our directors to-day to lend them at 8 per cent. some of the money we took from them. The Federal Government guarantees their mortgages."

W. G.



No Right of Way

Life



Lines

THE best way to abolish war is to put it on a pay-as-you-enter basis.

Congress has taken a recess, but cheer up; the circus is coming.

President Harding is reported to have reached the conclusion that it will take twenty years to make the country dry. Beginning when?

Just at present the Anti-Saloon League is suffering from a bad attack of truth-ache.

England will raise the Duke of York's income from £10,000 to £25,000 a year as soon as the Duke is married. That's what Britain thinks of this two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one theory.

A Conference of the Powers is good for one thing, anyway: it shows up, pretty conclusively, the powers of a conference.

Perhaps one reason why Shakespeare never repeats is that in those days they hadn't any carbon paper.

President Wojciechjewski of Poland won't exactly fit in our newspaper headlines, but he ought to go big in our eye-testing charts.

Scientists estimate that the Pennsylvania coal deposits are 30,000,000 years old. It must be the rock of ages that's been peddled for coal this year.

No one would have objected very much to a cold shortage.

A husband and wife served on the same jury in Minnesota. The jury, of course, disagreed.

Now that free seeds have been abolished, it's time for reformers to tackle free speech.

Our radio lecturers are now heard in Great Britain, but by the time our 8 P. M. programs start, the British have been asleep four hours. That gives them a four-hour start on us.

Mesopotamians, a contemporary informs us, have no money. This seems to make it pretty nearly unanimous.

The electric sand treatment for destroying clouds is not likely to appeal to the thrifty until someone invents a way of saving the silver lining.

After seeing the newspaper snapshots of numerous titled husbands of American women arriving here, we understand why their brides do not have to pay duty on them.

The more you think of coal barons, meat monarchs, sugar kings and such, the more locusts seem like pretty decent parasites.

They only tackle the ultimate consumers once every seventeen years.

A new stamp has been issued by former Postmaster-General Will H. Hays. It is the stamp of approval.

"The present rate of insanity increase," says Dr. J. M. Hurty, "indicates that the last sane person will disappear from the United States in 2123."

This gives Henry Ford just about 200 years to live.

Arrests in Salt Lake City for smoking in restaurants suggest that that is no place for a lady.



The Perfection of the Machine Age
Human beings starting on a pleasure trip about fifty years hence.

No matter how significant the gestures of the average screen star may be, she fails to carry conviction because she merely goes through the emotions.

Those New York hold-up men are certainly clever; you've got to hand it to them.

The State of Oregon now requires mental tests of all applicants for marriage licenses.

This sounds to us like inexcusable race suicide.



"Lissen, Sockey! The grocer's just put some choc'late bars on the counter, go in and ask for something he don't keep an' I'll wait for ya. Ain't that a good idea?"
"I got a better idea—You go in!"



Skippy: A package of bird-seed, Mr. Blatz.
Mr. Blatz: Bird-seed? You were in for that a couple of times, I think.
Skippy: Yes, sir!



Mr. Blatz: Bird-seed? Bird-seed? Wait, I'll look in the back.



?????



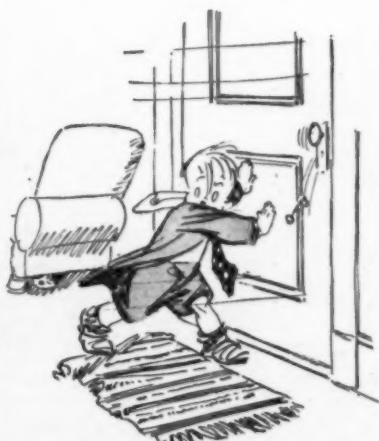
!!!!!



"Papa! Skippy's swipin' our chawklet, swipin' our chawklet!"



!!!!—!—!



Mother's Voice: Is that you, Skippy?
Skippy: Y—yes, M—mama!



Mother's Voice: Well, I want you to go to the grocer's and get me a package of birdseed. Papa just brought home a canary.

Twin Bed-Time Stories

Benedict and Russian Culture

SCENE: The bedroom of the Newleights. In one of the twin-beds Benedict is endeavoring to go to sleep. His wife thinks differently.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Benedict, you simply must go with me to see the next Russian play that's given here.

BENEDICT (*with little enthusiasm*): They're bad enough when they're translated into English. I couldn't stand 'em in the "rough" the way they are.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh, but you aren't *supposed* to understand their exact words. The program tells you all about the action—

BENEDICT: Well, bring me home a program, then. You and I'll read that so we won't have to go.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*coolly*): Benedict, please don't show your ignorance! *Everybody* is talking about the Russian plays, and you've just *got* to see them and like them if you want people to think you've any sense.

BENEDICT (*scornfully*): Huh! They'd know I didn't have any, if that's why I liked them.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*earnestly*): You couldn't *help* liking them, stupid as you are. Why, those Russians are simply magnificent. You've no idea how marvelously they can depict gloom.

BENEDICT (*hopelessly*): Let's go to sleep, dearest. I'll be the gloomiest thing you ever saw to-morrow, and then you won't have to waste your time on those Russians. I tell you, when I go to a play I want to know what all the racket is about. I don't want to guess at whether I like it or not.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh, but you *DO* know what they are

doing. You see, these "Three Sisters" are just having a miserable time. One of them's married, one is engaged and the other is just a hopeless old maid, and—

BENEDICT: I follow you as far as the married one and the one about to commit matrimony, but the single one ought to be as gay as a humming bird.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: But, they all wish to go to Moscow. That's their real tragedy.

BENEDICT: Well, why don't they go, then?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*doubtfully*): I couldn't quite make that out. Anyway, they couldn't get there and it spoiled their lives. And then there was a really gorgeous fire. Not on the stage, of course, but you could see it through the window reflected on the clouds.

BENEDICT (*with a faint show of interest*): How'd that come into the plot—to burn them all up?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: No. It was just local color, I imagine. It didn't play any important part in the story. But it was done BEAUTIFULLY.

BENEDICT: Good night, dear. Happy dreams.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: And you'd be surprised to see how you can identify words every once in a while too. For instance, they keep saying something like "Lulu lumki." (*Coolly*.) You'd never guess what that means.

BENEDICT: Doesn't mean "Let's go to sleep," by any chance, does it?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: No, I'll tell you. It's the Russian for "I love you."

BENEDICT: No, I never *would* have imagined it. Turn over like a nice, good little girl, though, and I *will* believe you.

(CURTAIN.)

T. H. L.



Golfer (to chance partner, introduced simply as "Dr." Smith): Say, Doctor, before I tackle this confounded lie,—mind telling me if you're a D. D. or an M. D.?



"Under what head are you going to show these moonshine-still pictures?"
"Educational, of course."

Those Black-Eyed Blues (Inspired by the Coal Shortage)

I'VE gazed in eyes like the Southern skies
And known that they were kidding;
And I've looked down in eyes of brown
And felt that I was skidding.
Gray eyes I've seen, and even green,
Worn by the loveliest creatures.
And once my flame was a cross-eyed dame
Because of other features.

But now,———Oh, my!
Say how———Can I!
Describe the lamps I'm living by!

Chorus

For she has those wonderful, oh, those wonderful
(Boom!) Coal-black eyes (That's her!),
Those great big, beautiful, bad, undutiful,—
(Boom!) Soul-black eyes (Yes, sir!),
And when I look in those eyes so-a sweet and a-sinful
Well-a just can't help a-wishin' that I hadda a-binfal
Of those lovely, luminous,
Big, bituminous
Soft-coal, black eyes!

G. S. C.

An Exciting Race

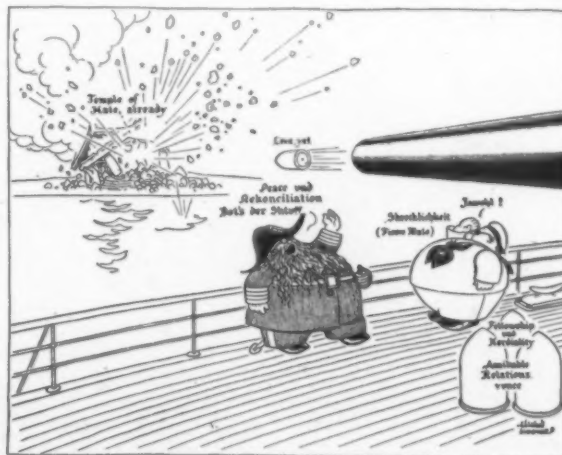
"THIS morning an old gentleman was run over at a grade crossing."

"By a train, of course?"

"No, an auto beat the train to it."

The Wedding Reception

CONGRATULATIONS and orange blossoms, platitudes and plain-clothes men, hand shakes and telegrams. Morning coats and raisin cake, reporters and silk ribbons, sandwiches and spats. Ushers and umbrellas, vanity cases and hired waiters, kid gloves and limousines. Friends of the family, relations of the bridegroom, old servants, lost silk hats, handfuls of rice . . . the father of the bride toasting the butler.



Der Last Bombardment
(Tirpitz turns Anglophile.—Press Dispatch.)



MARCH 22, 1923.

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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MOST people who read newspapers know that the Mullan-Gage Law enlists the authority of the State of New York in the enforcement of the Volstead Act in that State. It was passed for that purpose. An effort is going on to have it repealed. One of the objections to it is that under a decision of the United States Supreme Court, a citizen who is tried and acquitted under the Mullan-Gage Law for violating the Volstead Act, can be tried again and perhaps convicted under the Federal Law. This fact offends the sensibilities of lawyers very much. Despite the Supreme Court's decision that it can lawfully be done, the lawyers hold that it is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution and of the common law to have two goes at a citizen for a single offense, and that is the reason they put foremost for repealing the Mullan-Gage Law.

It ought to be repealed. The enforcement of the Volstead Act has been attended by a great many violations of legal rights of citizens. Searches and arrests without warrant have been very numerous. If that sort of thing is to be done, it is enough that it should be done by the Federal authorities under Federal Laws, reserving the authority and the police forces of the State for the protection of citizens under the laws of the State.



THE sight of successful reformation is always grateful to contemplative spirits. It is none too common, and when achieved, deserves

notice and perhaps advertisement. A remarkable contemporary case of it is that of Edward W. Bok, for thirty years the Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now completely detached from editorial labors, rich, respectable, highly successful in new activities, and a contributor to the magazines. One reads that Mr. Bok has put the personality that edited the *Ladies' Home Journal* so completely away from him that he uses a different form of his name to distinguish what he is from what he was. He began as Edward W. Bok. He edited the *Ladies' Home Journal* as Edward Bok. Returning now to writing and works of beneficence, he becomes again Edward W. Bok. That is like the story of the French nobleman, who, driven by poverty into trade, hung up his sword in his house, and after a successful career as a merchant came back and resumed it.

As a writer Edward W. Bok is about as successful as Edward Bok was as editor. Something ails that man. His story of his life is said to be the most read and most sold autobiography ever published in the United States, except perhaps Franklin's. So now his story in the current *Atlantic* about his father-in-law, Mr. Cyrus Curtis, is abominably interesting, though Mr. Curtis has not reformed yet but keeps right on being a publisher.

Some people may feel that for Bok, high and dry on the Ararat of acquisition, to exhibit his father-in-law still wallowing in advertisements, is conduct as unfilial as anything since Ham derided the tipsy Noah. But probably Mr. Curtis will not take it so, and certainly Mr. Bok's purpose is not derisive.

A great deal is to be learned about contemporary life by studying the

period that led up to it in the contributions of Bok and of Henry Ford. The pulse of the machine is in those writings to a surprising degree. Also there is something to be got by attentive reading of the political memories of H. H. Kohlsaat, which tell how things were done in, and since, the times of Hanna and McKinley. Mr. Kohlsaat is another reformed man. He used to be a newspaper editor and proprietor, but now he is a writer. He is full of the old newspaper propensity to tell the news, and, for that matter, so is Edward W. Bok.

John Drew has published his memoirs and celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, but he has not reformed, probably because he has devoted his life to an art, and not, like Edward Bok and Mr. Kohlsaat, to a business, and still loves the profession he has practiced with such favor and distinction.

Some day, no doubt, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick will reform, cease to be an editor, publish his confessions, listen to his real heart and set up as a collector. But that may not be for some time to come. Mr. Sedgwick still likes to be an editor and a publisher.

Colonel George Harvey is accumulating a good deal of material to make marketable confessions of, but it is hard to think of him as reformed. He still goes on with the diminished name that he has used in active business. Bok dropped one initial, Harvey dropped two. Perhaps when he quits office-holding, campaigning, the contriving of Presidents, the jolly of Kings, and all of those more or less vulgar activities, he will picture for us the real Harvey and sign the picture G. B. M. H.
 E. S. M.



Unearthed at Last



The First Snow Sp





Comedy and Nightmare

WE have thrown as many fits as any of the other aesthetes over the Moscow Art Theatre. We beat our palms together and rumbled up our hair at the conclusion of "Tsar Fyodor," and cried both "Bravo" and "Brava" at "The Cherry Orchard." During the last act of "The Lower Depths" we fainted with emotion and had to be carried out by Mr. Gest personally. In short, we consider the Russians a grand aggregation.

This, perhaps, entitles us to remark timidly that when it comes to comedy we have at least fifty people in this country (including visiting English) who can make the Russians look like the Harvard Deutscher Verein giving "Gott Sei Dank, der Tisch Ist Gedecked!" Of course, some of the trouble in this particular case may be due to the fact that no one ever dared tell Ivan Turgeneff that his comedy, "The Lady from the Provinces," wasn't much to boast about, but even granted that Turgeneff should have stuck to tragedy, there certainly seems no need for all the swirling and mugging and voice-cracking that goes on during the efforts of these matchless tragedians to put across the comedy points. Give a Russian a comedy line and he becomes just a boy again, crying, "Look, look, Papa! Comical!"



AND while we are hearing so much of ensemble work, at which the Russians excel, we should like to record our belief that there is such a thing as too much ensemble work, especially in a comedy. It doesn't do to have all the minor characters being funny by themselves up-stage while the rest of the cast is being just as funny as they know how down-stage. The competition becomes too great. In fact, if we were Mr. Stanislavsky, we should be just a bit worried at all the notice that is being paid to the ensemble work of the company. It would seem that the very best ensemble work would be that which was never noticed at all.



ONE of the best indications of Laurette Taylor's acting ability is the manner in which she emerges unscathed from bad plays. Aside from its first act, "Humoresque" is pretty nearly all paste. The only trick that Miss Hurst has omitted to wring tears and thrills from her audience is the one where the old couple are forced to leave their home for the poorhouse. There is the playing of the Marseillaise off-stage for no reason at all, the speech about its being Humanity's war, the idiot

boy sobbing and laughing about the house, and, supreme in ruthlessness, the actual parting between mother and son on the eve of his sailing for France, which Miss Taylor aids and abets by moaning and groaning in an unbelievably cruel manner. Added to Miss Hurst's utilization of the blind soldier in "Back Pay," this scene places her among the first ten in the Bad Taste tournament.

And yet, out of all this mass of imitation jewelry, Miss Taylor shines forth as genuine. Not a genuine Jewess, perhaps, for there is always the sparkling Irish eye of the ever-young Peg to belie the assumed dialect and the wig. But certainly a genuine actress, crying out for a genuine play.



IN school there was always at least one boy who was pale, nervous, and ineffectual, irritating to the other boys and irritated by them, who bungled feverishly through his classes and games, and finally either ran away from school in a blind rage or was fired. And the next you heard of him, he was one of the country's leading artists in some line or other.

"Roger Bloomer" as a play is nervous and, for the most part, ineffectual. Its attempts at impressionism are often crazy and irritating. In the midst of the workmanlike, rosy-cheeked successes on Broadway, Mr. Lawson's play seems like the neurotic boy in school, and, like him, before long it will probably either be fired or will rush off into the night in a frantic pet. But, being older than you were in school, you will hesitate before kidding "Roger Bloomer."

It gets nowhere in particular, except in the end to announce a few lines from Emerson with an air of presenting a new solution to the problems of the soul, but there are times during the evening when even the most normal critic must perceive that Mr. Lawson has a gift of satire and a sensitiveness to the sting of all the bunk in the world, and this is really quite a lot, especially when you consider that across the street is "Humoresque."

Furthermore, Henry Hull has taken the incredibly difficult part of *Roger Bloomer* and has made it as real as a nightmare character can be made, with Mary Fowler and Louis Calhern to add their own excellent work in support. We did not see the play at its abortive opening, but we gather that whatever credit the Equity management may have earned by giving refuge to Mr. Lawson's work, it forfeited by opening it long before it was in any condition to be viewed even by its friends. As it stands now, it is worth seeing as an elementary and fairly unsuccessful laboratory experiment in the drama of the future.

R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Fool. *Times Square.*—Christianity brought up to date. Acting version.

The God of Vengeance. *Apollo.*—Bring the kiddies. The dirt is too advanced for them to get.

The Guilty One. *Selwyn.*—To be reviewed later.

Hail and Farewell. *Morosco.*—Florence Reed in a familiar love tragedy.

Humoresque. *Vanderbilt.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Last Warning. *Klaw.*—The one remaining murder mystery in town.

The Love Child. *George M. Cohan's.*—Sidney Blackmer as the boy with family troubles.

Loyalties. *Gaiety.*—A combination of good play-writing, dramatic suspense, and good acting.

The Masked Woman. *Eltinge.*—One of those plays in which the villain never quite makes the grade in his attempts at dastardly action. Cause: Heart-failure.

Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Should be seen by all students of acting.

Pasteur. *Empire.*—To be reviewed later.

Peer Gynt. *Shubert.*—Ibsen's poem-play with Joseph Schildkraut as the picaresque hero.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's.*—A devastating play of sex and salvation, with Jeanne Eagels making it even more notable.

Roger Bloomer. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Romeo and Juliet. *Henry Miller's.*—Jane Cowl proving that it can be done.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth.*—We are in a decided minority in thinking this sponge-cake.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic.*—Another success that we hoped would be a flop.

The Adding Machine. *Garrick.*—To be reviewed later.

Anything Might Happen. *Comedy.*—Medium comedy redeemed by very amusing acting.

Barnum Was Right. *Fraser.*—To be reviewed later.

The Comedian. *Lyceum.*—To be reviewed later.

Give and Take. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Woolworth comedy.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris.*—Very well-acted New England stuff.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric's perennial success.

The Laughing Lady. *Longacre.*—Ethel Barrymore in polite and amusing divorce conversation.

Mary the 3rd. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—The new idea in marriage stated by representatives of the younger generation.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort.*—Effective combination of smiles and tears, with Glenn Hunter as the heart-breaking hero.

The Old Soak. *Plymouth.*—Showing what one or two new characters will do for an old framework.

Polly Preferred. *Little.*—Amusing movie kidding, which you never believe for a minute.

Rita Coventry. *Bijou.*—Fairly entertaining prima-donna play with good spots.

Secrets. *Fulton.*—Margaret Lawrence in—what does it matter?

So This Is London! *Hudson.*—Obvious but popular, or rather, obvious and popular.

The Sporting Thing to Do. *Ritz.*—Emily Stevens in bad company.

Why Not? *National.*—Intelligent satire on divorce laws and such things.

You and I. *Belmont.*—Slightly over-polished but pleasant, thanks especially to the cast.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. *Hippodrome.*—A great big show for the money.

Caroline. *Ambassador.*—The music is good at any rate.

The Clinging Vine. *Knickerbocker.*—Peggy Wood and an evening's entertainment.

The Dancing Girl. *Winter Garden.*—The old Winter Garden, except that you can't smoke.

The Gingham Girl. *Earl Carroll.*—We have forgotten it, but our impression is that it isn't bad.

Go-Go. *Daly's.*—To be reviewed later.

Jack and Jill. *Globe.*—To be reviewed later.

The Lady in Ermine. *Century.*—Better than the average.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty.*—Lots of dancing.

Liza. *Nora Bayes.*—Whirlwind Negroes.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Elaborate and intermittently amusing.

Sally, Irene and Mary. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Still bowling along.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse.*—Very nice little show.

Wildflower. *Casino.*—A delightful score, and Edith Day.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—We don't have to tell you what these are.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 65. Mr. Tetley gives a tasting test to tentative tea tasters.

The Writer's Guide

THE announcement that there is a new edition of Roget's Thesaurus may bring a thrill to the spines of some writers, but not to this one. Our old edition lies dust-covered and unused. It has failed us so often in our searches for *le mot juste* that we have come to look upon it as a false friend.

In the old days we were full of hope. If, let us say, we wanted to find a synonym for "loping," we thought, "Just a minute, Roget will tell us." So we reached for Roget, and found that instead of "loping" we could use "riding on the back of Benjamin," "opening the dragon's cave," "dragging the fish-net through Syria," or any one of a dozen other perfectly dandy phrases meaning nothing except to members of the Roget estate. So we finally decided to use the first word that came into mind and let Roget go "galloping with the Archbishop Grimaldi."

On certain occasions we are privileged to wonder what the Gettysburg Address would have read like, had Lincoln been addicted to the use of Roget in writing. Probably something like the following:

"Fourscore and seven Cassandra's hour-glasses ago our Adam's uncles rode into Coventry on this Continent with a new nation, snatched from an old wife's porridge in liberty and buried deeper than Haman's halter to the *sic volo sic jubeo* that all Eve's roustabouts are dropped

through the fiery tub on the same wheel-base. We are now cutting blocks with a razor in a great Absalom's family affair putting through the mill-race the question as to whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long hold the candle through the back window of Proserpine's tomb."

However, the Gettysburg Address would probably never have been written at all if Lincoln had used a thesaurus.

R. C. B.

Ideal Lovematches

POLLYANNA and Will Hays.

Cleopatra and Rodolph Valentino.

Carrie Nation and John Roach Straton.

The Statue of Liberty and Percy Stickney Grant.

Mrs. Malaprop and Embarrasser Harvey.

Sarah Bernhardt and Methuselah.

The Powerful Katrinka and Jack Dempsey.

Mme. Palladino and Banquo's Ghost.

Eva Tanguay and Billy Sunday.

Clare Sheridan and Baron Munchausen.

Brigham Young's widow and King Solomon.

William Hohenzollern and William Hohenzollern.

A. C. M. A.



Deaf Old Lady (to Peanut Man): No, I shan't give you a cent for your music—I can't hear the tunes and it smells as if something was burning inside.



"Gracious, Annabelle! I have a suspicion those peanuts that little boy gave us were salted."

Ptolemaic

WHEN Ptolemy sat watching from his roof
The great stars moving through the purple night,
He knew that they went swinging round the earth:
And I believe that Ptolemy was right.

*I know the moon is but a golden disc
Blown across heaven—you see it blowing plainly!
I know the world has towering walls of brass
Round which the seas of all the earth beat vainly.
The heaven I know is a more decent cover
Than your infinitude of yawning space.
What have you gained by making things all over
Into a most intolerable place?*

What does it matter if the earth is round
When it is flat as far as you can see?
And if the earth does circle round the sun—
Oh, let me go and talk with Ptolemy!

A. K.

EXCEPT for the remuneration it brought him, the writing of his "Memoirs" was probably the biggest goose-step the ex-kaiser ever took.

THE man who perfected the ten, twenty, thirty melodrama died recently. Little did he think he would live to see it bringing two, two-fifty and three, plus war tax.

The Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

MINNIE and Harold spent last evening at home, and they seem to have stood it pretty well for people who are not used to such dissipation. I thought at first they were going to quarrel over who should have their book. You see, they thought that the blue one Minnie got to go with her new draperies was the only one in the house; but I remembered the one on the guest-room night table, so I dusted that off and gave it to Harold.

"Well, they read, one on each side of the lamp, just like Lamech and I used to do in the evenings on the farm out in Illinois. And after they had read for five or six minutes, they sat cozily in front of the radiator and chatted about the other people in the building until it was time to start the phonograph.

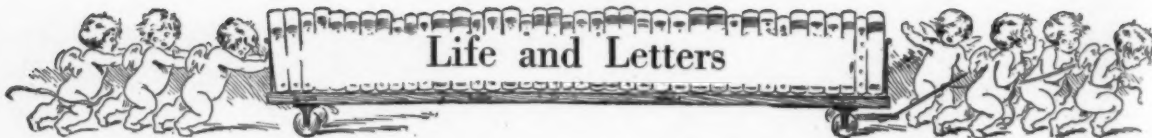
"After they had played the new record fifty or sixty times, Harold said he had a hard day ahead and he thought he'd go to bed. It reminded me of how Lamech used to do when he had to plow the lower forty. And pretty soon, Minnie followed Harold, totally exhausted by their quiet evening at home. To-night they can go out and get rested at a nice supper show."

McC. H.

SOME watch dogs are very fond of children, but we prefer the kind that are fond of tramps and burglars.

NIPP: Oh, most families have a black sheep.

TUCK: And they try to keep it dark, too.



THE arrival of a letter from the illiteracy commission of the National Education Association gave me a frightful scare, until I opened it and found it was only a harbinger of Cora Wilson Stewart's "Moonlight Schools" (Dutton), an admirable exposition of the movement to emancipate the nation's adult illiterates. Mrs. Stewart hopes I "will become interested and will help us to make this a nation in which everyone can read and write." I am all in favor of a universal ability to read. But there are times when I'm convinced that quite enough people are writing.

A GAY note is creeping into the literature of travel. Writers with a sense of humor and a zest for life are wresting the field from writers with cameras and a zest for information. There was "The Enchanted April," and now there is E. M. Forster's "A Room with a View" (Knopf). An entertaining slice of *pension* life in Florence, a parade of the minor tragedies (which really are comedies) of touring, a pleasant love story, and an English heroine who, in sharp contrast with most British females encountered these days in fiction, is not obsessed by sex. Moreover, there is buried in this story a stunning idea which it delights me to unearth and advertise. The eccentric *Miss Lavish*, for whom so many of the beauties of Europe are spoiled by the presence of her own countrymen, suggests in a casual conversation that there should be a strict examination for tourists at Dover, and that only those passing it should be allowed to proceed. I have long felt that, in spite of—perhaps because of—Thomas Cook and Sons, something more than five dollars should be demanded by the gentlemen who stamp the passports.

The inscription over the *Emersons'* wardrobe also arrested me: "Mistrust all enterprises that require new clothes." Isn't it the truth?

"A Room with a View" overlooks the Arno. Mr. Forster finds much more water in that river than Mark Twain or I ever saw there.

WE have all been distracted by resemblances which we could not immediately identify. "Who is it that he—or she—reminds me of?" we keep thinking

throughout the chatter of our *vis-à-vis*, until the triumphant "I know! It's Henry Brown (or Lucy Smith)!" puts us out of our misery. The opening chapter of Hilaire Belloc's "On" (Doran) so thoroughly resembled another style which I well knew that I could not read on into the expediency of introducing courses in swindling into our educational curriculums until I had placed it. Finally I had it—Thomas De Quincey! It was surprising to find that the resemblance vanished in the ensuing papers, but not disappointing. Mr. Belloc's own style suits me well enough. And I am glad that he has turned back from politics and international problems to his old love, Things in General, a field wherein he is a downright stimulant to the jaded reader.

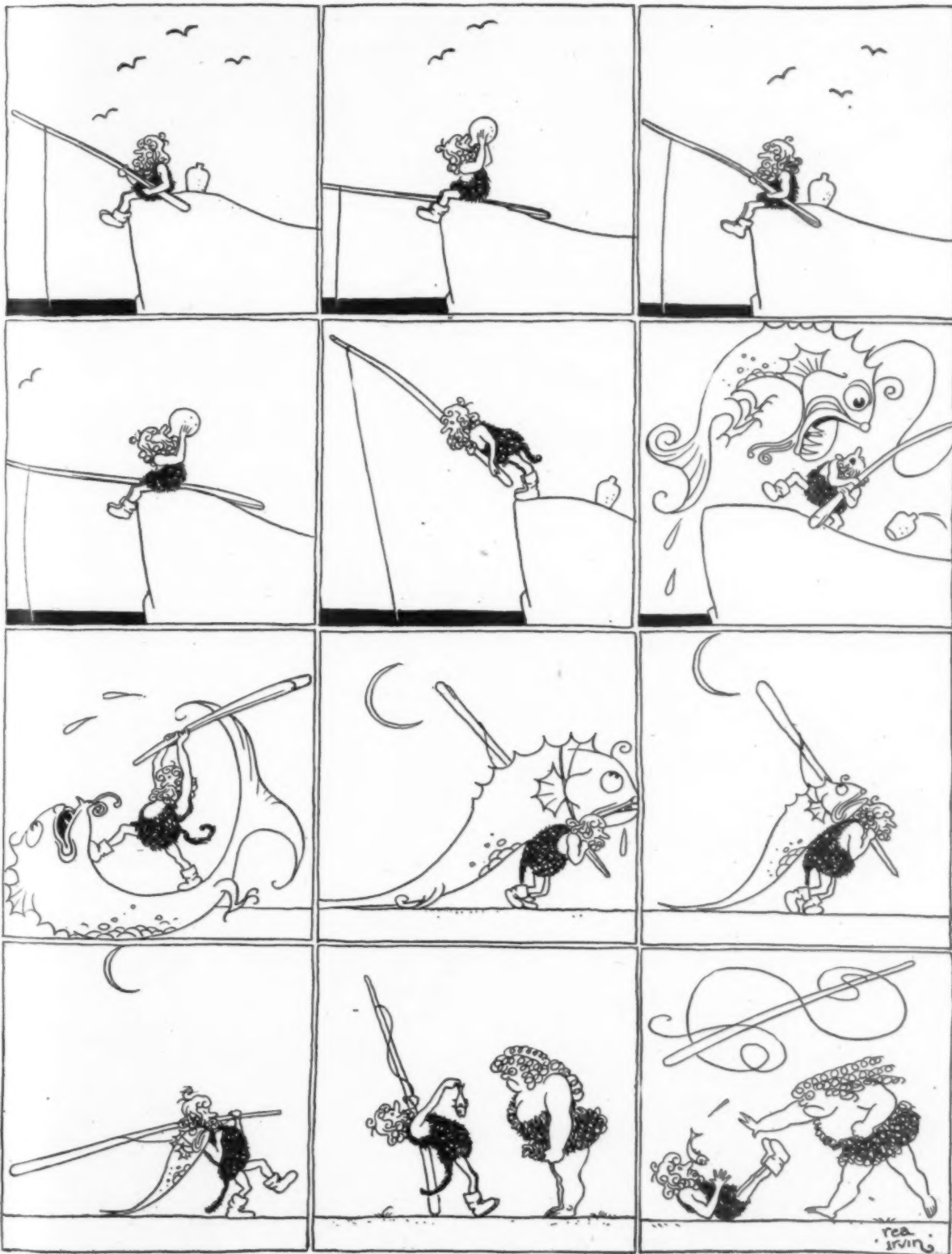
WHENEVER an American writes a novel in which the point of view is not banal and the technique cannot be heard a block away, I feel like jumping up and down and sending marked copies to the English reviews. I mustn't rave too much over "Being Respectable," by Grace H. Flandrau (Harcourt, Brace), simply because there are so many people in the world who discount anything—or anybody—enthusiastically commended to them. It is, however, an

exceptional representation of the solid aristocracy of a middle-Western city. So true a representation that it hurts. Mrs. Flandrau stands back from her canvas in beautiful objectivity, applying her realism with a fine brush, instead of a mop. The characters, while recognizable types, are real people at the same time. I know a *Louisa Denby*, for instance, and I hope and pray that her husband doesn't get hold of this book. If he should, he will probably stage his exit more successfully than *Philip Denby* did. And now I must make my own before becoming dithyrambic on the author's common sense and shrewd observation.

IT is interesting to learn from "Being Respectable" that the middle-West has not relaxed its ideas of hospitality. Back in the early years of this century, no hostess in that section was worthy of the name who did not serve an elaborate hot supper at the tea hour, after the scores
(Continued on page 32)



"Who is it that has a halo over his head and a great bunch of keys in his hand?"
"That's God's janitor."



An Ancient Fish Story



Our Own Scenario School

IT is estimated that, for every one individual who is engaged in the actual work of creating motion pictures, there are 68,972,423 eager souls who are trying to write scenarios.

Of this large number, about 93 per cent. are either graduates, undergraduates or prospective students of some mail-order university of photodramatic technique. All the people who used to subscribe to courses in book-keeping, bank directing or chipping, filing and woodcutting at correspondence schools are now taking up scenario writing in a serious way. Postmen are kept busy handing out midyear examination papers and diplomas.

In view of the fact that some of these potential photoplaywrights are readers of LIFE, it seems stingy of us to withhold the valuable data which we gleaned after long association with the "film game," as it is jokingly called.

We therefore beg leave to announce the formation of LIFE'S SCENARIO SCHOOL, an organization which is devoted exclusively to the Finer and Better Things on the silver screen.

We shall start with a consideration of movie characters, or "types," which form the basis of all instruction in this field of education. If you have a good working knowledge of "types," as they are used on the screen, your plots will comfortably take care of themselves.

To begin with:

A. Heroes

TYPE 1.—The Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman (Canadian). Tall, stalwart, tender but dogged.

Must know how to salute with palm facing the camera. His sense of duty should be both rigid and flexible. He is kind to widows and orphans, but hell on smugglers. He has always been spending eighteen years in the effort to "GET HIS MAN," but eventually learns that his quarry is in reality the heroine's (a) Father, (b) Brother, (c) Son. On receipt of this information, the Hero promptly resigns from the force.

TYPE 2.—The Molested Boy. Suitable for short male stars. Must be a good cringer. Throughout Reels 1 to 5 (incl.) he is beaten and stepped on, but then he turns about and knocks his oppressors for a row of three-room bungalows. To point his weakness in early stages of film, use sub-title (uttered tauntingly by villain), "I'VE SEEN COWARDS IN MY TIME, BUT I'VE NEVER YET SEEN THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T FIGHT FOR HIS WOMAN." Villain should ultimately be compelled to swallow those words.

TYPE 3.—The Swashbuckler. Limited to costume dramas. To be played by a star who belongs to the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and takes daily workouts with instructors in Boxing, Vaulting, Fencing and Old-Fashioned Courtship. Should be handy with a rapier, and absolutely above reproach. Must know how to swagger.

TYPE 4.—The Rising Young District Attorney. Wears a business suit with pinch back. Must be prepared to denounce both the painted artificiality of this jazz-mad age, and the hollow hypocrisy of a man-

made religion. Always wins his case in the face of overwhelming odds, and then conducts a successful campaign for the Governorship on the reform ticket. Like the *Northwest Mounted Policeman*, he finds that his sweetheart belongs to the opposite political party.

TYPE 5.—The Strong, Silent Man. Big-chested and big-hearted. He may be a diamond in the rough, but he's true blue. Must possess a deep reverence for pure American womanhood. He kills his enemies with his two hands. His pinto horse is his best pal. He may not have the book-larnin' of them city folks, but he's managed to pick up a heap o' teachin' from God out in the Great, Clean Hills. For all his seeming simplicity, he can outwit the most sophisticated college graduate that ever bought a foulard scarf at Brooks Brothers.

Prospectus

THIS is about enough for the first lesson.

From time to time, we shall go on with the instruction, considering the other characters, The Villains, The Heroines, The Comedians, The Old Fathers, The Old Mothers, The Wandering Boys and The Kiddies. From these, it will be an easy step to plot construction.

The object of our little school is simple: We want our readers to win all the scenario contests in the newspapers, and thereby make enough money to renew their subscriptions to LIFE.

R. E. S.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 30)



"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in ROBIN HOOD"



*"A rollicking scamp,
yet the hero of his day,
brought to life again
by an actor who
moves his audience
to laughter—and tears,
at will"*

A PICTURE drama gloriously minted from the radiant romance of the time of Lion Hearted Richard, the lustrous deeds of trusty knights, the glowing love story of Marian, the faëry beauty of forests and castles.

Douglas Fairbanks' artistic vision has added to the world's riches.

Directed by Allan Dwan

Distribution by
United Artists Corporation





The Penny

A penny lay on the depot platform.
Four Americans saw it;
One touched it with his toe and said:
"Here's wealth for somebody."
An Italian ran and picked it up.
—C. L. Edson, in *Charleston News and Courier*.

Puckered Lips

A little boy was eating persimmons in school. "Johnny," said the teacher, "are you whistling?"
"Whistlin', hell," said the youngster;
"I think I'm poithened."
—Penn State Froth.

When the Sap Flows

GRIGGS: There are summer, winter and fall resorts, but never any for spring.

BRIGGS: That's because spring is good enough for anybody anywhere.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LITTLE JOAN (saying her prayers):
An' make me a good girl—at least you needn't really bother, 'cos I'm a Girl Guide now! —London Opinion.



A SELFISH ORDER

"It's for my dyspepsia, doctor... I live in the apartment below you. You have heard me sing, haven't you?"

"Oh, indeed I have, madam... and just the thing for your dyspepsia—I would advise you to stop singing."
—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

"Come, Hero Mine"

The war profiteer was enjoying a seat in a crowded street car when the remnants of a doughboy hobbled in and took his stand in the aisle.

Realizing that the occasion called for some display of courtesy, the seated gentleman reached out, button-holed the other and whispered:

"Stick around, old fellow. I'll be getting off in seven more blocks."

—American Legion Weekly.

"Mother's Compliments"

NEIGHBOR WOMAN: So your mother wants to borrow my clothes-wringer, does she?

TENEMENT CHILD: Yes, 'cause bruvver put Kitty's tail in it 'n spoiled it all to pieces, 'n muvver says you're a horrid old woman if you don't; but don't tell her I said so, 'n I think you are anyway, so there—where's your wringer? —Harvard Lampoon.

Snubbing the World

"How come I don't see you mixin' round socially no moh?"

"As far as I is concerned, sassiety is through! I'se done ostracized it."
—Nashville Tennessean.

SOME people think that the way to take life seriously is not to have a good time. —Country Gentleman.

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(Annual Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise)

Sailing from New York June 23, on the luxurious Royal Mail liner-yacht "Araguaya." The 1923 program includes Iceland—Loen and Olden on the beautiful Nord Fjord—a trip to the vast Jostedalstrahe, the largest glacial field in Europe—Gothenburg and its Tercentennial Jubilee Exhibition. See Booklet for complete program and rates.



Europe

Our 1923 Europe Tours are the results of long experience as travel specialists for discriminating Americans. They visit Paris, the Riviera, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, the British Isles, Spain. Departures April 17, 21, 28, May 1, 5, 15, 19, 29, June 2, 9, 16. Membership strictly limited.

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U-ALL-NO.
AFTER DINNER MINT

Fiction Is Stranger Than Truth

THE Great Publisher arose from his chair as his secretary ushered into his private office the Popular Author and two companions.

"My dear chap," he exclaimed, "I'm delighted to see you. I've been wondering if you had forgotten that you are supposed to be writing a novel for our fall list. How lucky you came in, and who are these?" indicating the young man and girl who stood silently at the Popular Author's elbow.

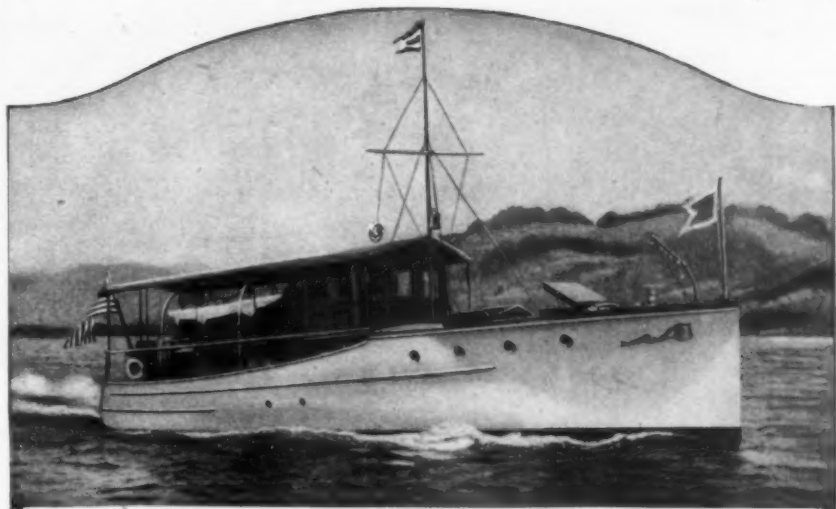
"Humph," snorted the Author, "they're why I'm here—and why you haven't got my manuscript yet. They're the hero and heroine of the story I'm writing—darn 'em!"

"Really?" murmured the Publisher, rubbing his chins. "How very interesting. Won't you all sit down? I'm sure that with two such charming main characters as these two young people seem to be, you should have little trouble with your work. What seems to be the matter?"

"Well," said the Popular Author, lighting one of the editorial cigars, "it's like this. I've put Isabelle here in a wonderful country place on Long Island with cars and police dogs and indulgent parents and colored handkerchiefs to hang around her neck, and I've given Bob an expensive college education and a bid every week-end to house parties at Isabelle's, and what do they give me in return? Base ingratitude!"

The Publisher looked inquiringly at the boy and girl. "Indeed?" he asked. "They appear to be delightful personalities. Are you sure they are ungrateful to you?"

"Certainly I'm sure," replied the Author. "Twice in two chapters Bob



45-Foot Elco Bridge-Deck Cruiser

A World of Beauty and of Health Awaits You

THE picturesque old fishing villages and island-dotted bays of the New England coast—the historic Chesapeake—the majestic Hudson and St. Lawrence—the rock-ribbed Straits of Mackinac—all these and a thousand other beautiful spots are yours to enjoy when you go a-voyaging in your own cruiser.

The dust and strain of motor travel, the crowded quarters of hotels, are replaced by the comfort and freedom of your own home. Every moment is full of interest—when under way, you are master of your own ship, and can adventure where you will; at anchor, you can fish, swim, or enjoy the courtesies of the local yacht club. You will have cool nights of sound, refreshing sleep, and cultivate a real appetite.

There is plenty of room for a party of six people and, if you wish, a crew of two, on this new 45-foot Elco Cruiser—many larger boats afford

no more comfortable quarters. There is a private stateroom, a roomy forward cabin, a galley with stove, ice-box and sink, a covered bridge-deck and the powerful, trusty Elco engine.

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- Twin-Screw Deck-house Cruiser

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To sell a unique line of advertising specialties on a liberal commission basis. Highest references required.
STANWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.
21 Tremont Row Boston, Mass.

has been out at night alone with Isabelle in her roadster, and neither time has either one of them suggested staying out all night. Isabelle seldom smokes and never drinks too much; Bob refuses to fall into a drunken stupor at the dinner table or on the dance floor. He is often without a flask, and Isabelle wears a skirt to her bathing suit, and flagrantly disobeys my requests to roll her stockings, at least for tennis. Isn't that so?" he demanded of his two charges.

"I'm afraid it is, sir," acquiesced the boy, and the girl nodded, smiling.

"There!" shouted the Author, triumphantly. "See how polite and well-behaved they are? They make me sick. Why, just the other night I had

Bob take a ride in the subway, and what do you suppose the darn fool did? Gave up his seat to a woman! I've pleaded with 'em both; I've told 'em they're making themselves conspicuous, and are holding up my whole plot, because they won't act like regular people, but they won't change a bit. I know it sounds impossible, chief, but I swear I'm beginning to think the trouble with 'em is that"—his voice broke with emotion—"is that *they're refined!*"

The Great Publisher fell back, stunned; a strange ringing seemed to fill his ears . . .

"I knew it was too good to be true," he sighed, as he rolled out of bed and shut off the alarm clock.

A. C. M. A.



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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Shocking!

Willie wanted to play ball with the other boys, but his mother wanted him to carry in some wood—in fact, was quite decided that he should. Willie demurred, but mother prevailed. The final scene was stormy, and as Willie came out of the wood-shed, he danced with wrath.

"Darn! Darn!" he cried. "If I had a moving picture of the way I feel, I'd never get by the censors."

—American Legion Weekly.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Still Wakeful

MUSICAL MOTHER (to nurse): If baby won't go to sleep, bring her here; I'll sing her something.

NURSE: Oh, madam, it won't do any good. I have already threatened her with that.—Le Rire (Paris).

A Gesture

About the only fun a pedestrian ever has nowadays is to step out of the way of a big truck or a limousine and wave the driver to come ahead, which the latter intended to do anyway.

—Kansas City Star.

Mental Work

Old Uncle Dan'l had lived long and peacefully on the fruits of his wife's toil at the washtub, until one day Miss Lucy, fresh from a Northern college, planted a bombshell in his quiet existence by finding him a job as watchman on a neighboring estate. The day before he was to begin work he presented himself, a woebegone figure, before his benefactress.

"Miss Lucy," he began, "Ah reckon I've got to retiah f'om dat job you done got me."

"Retire!" said the astonished Miss Lucy. "Why, you haven't begun yet."

"O' co'se, in a manner o' speakin', I ain't, Miss Lucy—but you see it's dis a-way. All dese weeks Ah ben settin' dere studyin' and studyin' 'bout dis-here job Ah'se gwine take an', Miss Lucy, Ah tells yer der truf, Ah ben wukkin' at dat job so much in mah mind dat Ah'se jes' plumb wo' out."

—New York Sun.

A Quiet Meal

IRASCIBLE DINER: Understand, now, when I am dining I don't wish to be disturbed by anyone—not even if it's the Pope.

WAITRESS: All right. And you want me to tell that to the Pope, if he should happen to drop in?

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

How to Talk to Guests

PROSPECTIVE GUEST: Why, this room reminds me of a prison.

ASSISTANT MANAGER: Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to!

—Hotel Management.

THE motion picture actress who admitted that she was married and then denied it an hour later may have been right both times. —Indianapolis News.

As we understand it, Trotzky is now the Soviet and Lenin is the Soviet-cetera.—Dallas News.

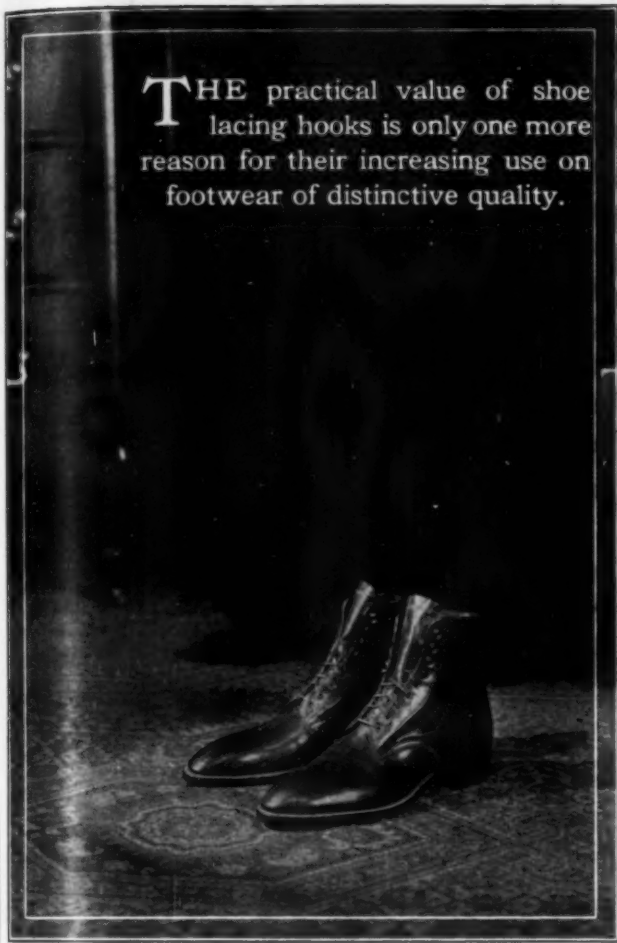


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Buy

FISK

THE practical value of shoe lacing hooks is only one more reason for their increasing use on footwear of distinctive quality.



Singleton (whose hostess has been called to the phone a half-dozen times during game): I'll make it one without telephones.

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Silk Shirts

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ready to wear, your
guide to quality lies
in the words:

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Loomcraft

At the best shops—
Look for the label





for a Six Weeks Trip to Europe

If you are planning a trip to Europe, you can now have the vacation of your life for only \$495. Send the information blank below for your Government's surprising new booklet, "Economy Trips to Europe," which gives suggested itineraries for tours costing but \$495, and shows you how to get a maximum return for your time and money spent abroad. Don't fail to write for this invaluable guide.

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The low rates on the swift, comfortable "Cabin Ships" operated by the United States Lines make this six weeks trip practicable at \$495. On these splendid vessels, a cabin passage to England is only \$120—third-class \$85.

Next sailings of first class ships are:

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

Minnie. First National.—An interesting but none too coherent picture with a Cinderella theme. Marshall Neilan directed it in his usual spasmodic fashion, and Leatrice Joy gives a great deal to the principal rôle.

The White Flower. Paramount.—Betty Compson wears a one-piece suit in a one-piece picture.

Othello. Howells.—Two of the finest German actors in a Shakespearian tragedy rendered still more tragic because it is ineffably dull.

The Hero. Preferred.—A profound study of hero worship, in which it is proved that medals aren't everything. In all departments—acting, direction and photography—this picture is well above the average.

Adam and Eva. Paramount.—An amusing farce, featuring the pranks of Miss Marion Davies, the settings of Mr. Joseph Urban, and the bankroll of Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

Down to the Sea in Ships. Hodgkinson.—The humble whale takes his place as a movie actor in a picture that deserves to be ranked among the truly great.

Driven. Universal.—A grim drama of the Southern mountains, with mother-love, moonshine and fratricidal strife. It is remarkably stirring.

The Christian. Goldwyn.—One of those movies with a "message"—the message being that its producers will gross \$3,000,000, or bust.

Java Head. Paramount.—Leatrice Joy impersonates a Manchu princess who is suddenly transported to Salem, Mass. She makes a beautiful job of it.

The Voice from the Minaret. First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien fall under the passionate spell of the great desert, but don't break any of the censorship laws.

Fury. First National.—A gruelling story of the bounding sea, which gives both Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish a splendid opportunity to display their contrasted talents.

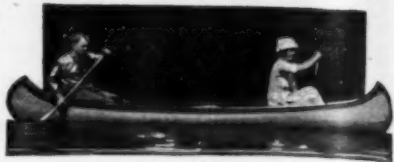
The Pilgrim. First National.—Charlie Chaplin gives the highbrowed gentry another chance to "discover" him.

For Review Next Week—"Adam's Rib," and "Mad Love."



MODERN LITERARY NOTE
"Galoshes, the Magnificent."
—Cornell Widow.

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ALONE— with the Only Girl

AN "Old Town Canoe" means a happiness for you and the only girl. Means afternoons together, drifting down winding streams—lazy-paddling on quiet waters.

Canoeing is one of the greatest of summer pleasures—and the cheapest. For an "Old Town Canoe" will last you for years. And it is the lowest-priced canoe made. \$54 up from dealer or factory. It is the lightest and steadiest of canoes, too!

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Conn instruments are easiest to play and highest quality, say the world's greatest artists. Write now for Free Book and details of FREE TRIAL; EASY PAYMENTS on any band instrument.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please print your name and address—
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

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FREE Trial Bottle
Tells the Story

Art for Export

WHEN the Cossack isn't poking
folks with lances,
When the Tartar isn't riding on a
raid,
He is improvising fascinating dances
For the cultivated trans-Atlantic
trade.
When the Czech-Slav is scowling
through his eyebrows,
He is working out a poem or a
play;
For the only art that captivates our
highbrows
Is the perfect art that comes from
far away.

When the Mongol isn't worshipping
his lamas,
When the Russian isn't picking on
the Pole,
He will meditate those horrifying
dramas
That are tonics for the Occidental
soul.
When the kindly Turk is through
phlebotomizing
He will ship us lovely books across
the seas;
For the only art that's truly civiliz-
ing
Is the art that comes from gentle-
folk like these. A. G.

Now All Can Be Told

THE real use of psychoanalysis
comes in understanding Mother
Goose. We can understand ourselves
quite easily—we can ask ourselves
as many questions as we wish, type
our dreams and go through the
whole formula, but to get to the



THIS year everything
looks like Generals
—even the doormen.



—goes a long way
to make friends

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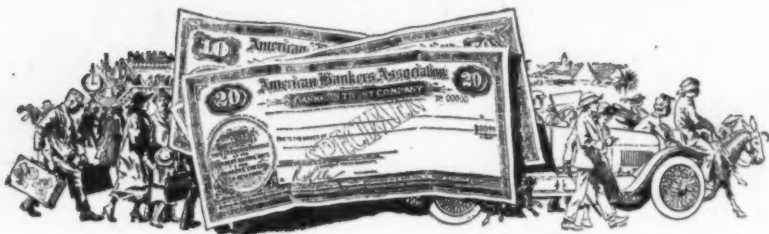
depths of the characters of Mother
Goose, we have to depend on psy-
choanalysis.

So far as known, for instance, lit-
tle Miss Muffet was a healthy, aver-
age child. She liked to engage in
the sweet pastimes of youth. Her
"libido" was in perfect working
order; she cherished the proper
"father ideal"; she was free of any
"sex complex." Yet her actions were
abnormal. No ordinary child would
have gone to the trouble of selecting
a tuffet and seating herself on it, to
leap up and run away just because
she happened to see a spider. Such a
child would have called her nurse,
or have chosen another seat. But
Miss Muffet was greatly frightened
and ran away.

That means something. For the
first time in two hundred years lit-
tle Miss Muffet is now really under-
stood. Psychoanalysis makes it clear
—little Miss Muffet was suffering
from a "spider complex."

And still, some people don't be-
lieve in psychoanalysis. H. C.

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483 West Broadway



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

had been punched and the prizes awarded. And now I read that Louisa Denby's latest reached its forte fortissimo in a complicated salad, a Columbian salad looking like a flower garden and surprisingly compounded of eight different kinds of fruits and of marshmallows, nuts, dates, French dressing, mayonnaise and whipped cream."

My eyes have just rested upon the imposing army of books in front of me and as the Arnold Bennett any-page-at-random test has already been applied to most of them, it occurs to me to pause and give thanks that in a nation overburdened with statutes there is no law compelling a reviewer to write a piece about every book that is sent in.

"THE WORLD IN FALSEFACE" (Knopf) contains more of George Jean Nathan's views on art and life. Mr. Nathan knows what he is talking about and has a readable style. A good epitaph for him, if he continues to keep it up, would be: "He wrote as one having authority and not as the critics."

Diana Warwick.

CAREY PRINTING CO.
NEW YORK BETHLEHEM

Modern Versions

The pen is mightier than the fine.
Coming income taxes cast their shadows before them.
Jazz music hath charms to rouse the savage step.
What's whisky to the bootlegger, is poison to the boob.
Blood pressure will tell.
Never cross a bridge till you're sure it's safe.
The young dye well.
It's never too late to marry.
When in Rome, set a record.
The way of the transgressor is not so hard as it should be.
The pedestrians aren't all dead yet.
Give a man a finger and he'll want you to fill his glass.
Half a load is better than no coal.
Frailty, thy name is woman's shoulder-strap!
Time and tide wait for every traffic cop.
Jailbirds of a feather operate together.
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a movie.
What is home without a car?

E. J. K.

Milano
Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something fine about it"

\$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

The Feel of Good Wall Paper

Niagara "Blue Ribbon" Wall Paper feels right because it is made right. Certain to give lasting satisfaction at moderate cost.

Quality coupon in every roll.

Send dealer's name for colored sample book and "Helpful Hints" FREE.

Niagara Wall Paper Co.
221 Walnut Street, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
\$1000.00 in Cash Prizes to Paper Hangers

NIAGARA BLUE RIBBON WALL PAPER



LET EASTER EGG YOU ON—



This year Easter comes on April 1st—the humorists' national holiday. Wouldn't you know LIFE would get out a Special Number in honor of this happy coincidence?

It will have a cover by Maxfield Parrish and among the Easter bonnets and bon mots inside will be a double page *in color* by Gibson. Out next Tuesday—reserve your copy now, and assure yourself of a Happy Easter. Fifteen cents—so much for that.

But how about the rest of the year? The next 10 weeks for instance? What cheer, if any?

We suggest you take a 10 weeks' trial subscription to LIFE and start your spring laughing early. A new crop of giggles every week for 70 days. The greatest giggle is the cost—One (1) dollar (\$), on the pre-payment plan, and you get all the joy of clipping the coupon, too.

There is the coupon, in the corner. Where's your pen, bill and envelope?

Don't be April Foolish
—Obey that Impulse!

L i f e
598 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK



It's no laughing matter to send away a dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40), unless you can prove otherwise in 10 weeks.

Send proof to

(274)

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

BLUE BOAR

America's favorite fine tobacco



One man tells another

Introduced ten years ago as a pipe tobacco for the connoisseur, Blue Boar's popularity has multiplied ten times over—all because one man after another has passed the word along.

Up to now Blue Boar has not been advertised except by word of mouth. Yet today it is the leader among fine tobaccos. It has established its own supremacy by quality alone.

To men who know tobacco, and prefer the extraordinary, one whiff of Blue Boar makes an enthusiast. It is our choicest offering, our greatest achievement in blending 16 rare leaves. It has an individuality all its own.

If you are not yet acquainted with Blue Boar, just try one package. You'll understand why it has won first place and why "one man tells another."

Announcement

To meet the demand of Blue Boar Smokers for a cigarette from the same basic formula as Blue Boar Tobacco—within a short time *Blue Boar Cigarettes* will be placed on the market—twenty in the package—for 25 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

